St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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THE CALEDONIAN.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

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Notice. Each subscriber will find on his paper in connection with his address, the date to which he has paid. When a new payment is made this date will be advanced to correspond, and if the change is not made correctly on the first or second paper from the time of payment, we wish to be notified immediately.

Printing of all kinds done at living prices. Blanks and Cards kept constantly on hand.

Rates of Advertising.

Mary's Choice.

"My child, it is *not* that I wish to prevent you 'from being happy,' it is to save you from misery that I speak. A wise choice now may save you a lifetime of sorrow. I do not insist that you shall accept the hand, of Urbane, because he is dear to me, and a Christian man, unless you can love him, but I entreat of you to refuse to marry Mr. Archer, because he is a man of the world, and a drinker of wine."

This was the conclusion of a long and troubled conversion between a widow and her only child. Mary Harper was a beautiful and interesting girl. She had also a few thousand dollars in her own right, which made her none the less attractive. Several young men had sought to gain her in marriage; but the two her mother named were the only ones Mary had ever regarded with special favor.

For some months prior to the formal "proposal" of these young men, the widow had observed, with regret, a growing preference for Mr. Archer on the part of her daughter. And with him, now that she was required to choose between him and Urbane, Mary professed herself deeply in love.

He was a very handsome and pleasing young man, in good business, and in good society. He was cheerful and witty, and extremely intelligent, possessed of a thousand charms with which to ensure a maiden's heart. But he was selfish, indolent, and self-indulgent to a degree that gave promise of little happiness to whoever should become his wife. All these faults the mother saw, and tried faithfully to show to her daughter, whose eyes were holden that she could not or would not see.

To her all was beauty, grace and delight in Mr. Archer, and for the good, and true, and plain Urbane, she began to cherish unmistakable dislike. He saw how it was and sorrowfully, but silently, withdrew. The widow's objections were overruled. By charges of unkindness and unreasonable aversion, by alternate fretting and coaxing, the pretty Mary won from her mother a reluctant consent to her wishes, and in due season she became the wife of Charles Archer.

With more love and confidence than wisdom, she placed all her little fortune at once in her husband's hands. Her mother lived but two or three years after Mary's marriage; and besides her husband and child, Mary was left with no near relative in the world.

* * * * *

Murder! Murder! The sound cleft the winter air, thrilling us with terror. We sprang to our feet, and Kate, ever ready for action, rushed, bonnetless, into the street. Our street was a quiet, secluded one, and, during the day women and children were its chief occupants.

Too well we knew the voice that uttered that appalling cry; too well we guessed the reason for it.

A neat-looking house stood near our own and upon the high steps of it sat a shivering child, scarce three years old. He had nothing on his pretty curly head and there was no shawl or cloak over his tiny form: though it was a severe afternoon in December.

"Me not like my papa. He beat my mamma," the poor baby was crying.

Kate was disappearing round the corner towards the police station.

Through the open basement door we heard the voice of cursing, and the groans of fear and anguish, uttered by those within. We entered, but were beckoned aside by another occupant of the house.

She carefully closed her door after we had obeyed her signal, saying:

"Don't go into Mrs. Archer's part. *You* can do no sort of good. He *will* kill her sure enough, if anybody not able to handle him answers her call. He has a great butcher knife that he is flourishing about and threatening her with. He has often frightened her almost to death; but when she screamed so, he came nearer to killing her than he ever did before. I do hope the M. P. will come soon."

Just then a policemen appeared at the gate, and he and Kate entered the house, and were passing towards Mrs. Archer's door.

As the policeman's hand was on the door, it slowly opened, and a face that looked more like one from the dead, than anything else, looked out. A trembling hand was laid upon the breast of the officer, and he was gently pushed back from the entrance. Mrs. Archer came out, and closed the door behind her.

"He had laid down at last," she said, "and I am afraid to have you take him away. He has threatened me terribly what he will do to me if I have him touched; and I am afraid he will do as he says. They would not keep him up long, and what *should* I do when he got out. He would certainly be revenged on me and the children."

She succeeded at last in getting the officer to leave the house without seeing her husband; and as we could be of no further service, we returned home.

The reader has suspected the truth. This wretched victim of a drunken tyrant was the once beautiful and happy Mary Harper. We have *"fancy sketches"* enough in the papers. Better now and then to read something "that is true," and *ponder* it. This sketch is terribly true. Charles Archer began with wine and cigars; but he went rapidly onward in the way to destruction, and by the time that his fourth child was born, he was, as has been shown. Mary, before her mother died, had began to realize what sort of a choice she had made, and had made no objection to having the little property her mother was to leave secured beyond Archer's reach. Had it not been for this, they had all long since been in distressing poverty. Archer had lost his business, and was an outcast from decent society. Money for rum he would have. He would take things from the house to exchange for it. Over and over again he sold the coat off his back, and with the price of it bought the dreadful drink that had turned his home into a hell, and himself into the fiend that made it horrible. His children he hated, when he had been drinking, which was nearly always. But he liked to *take them with him into the dens he frequented, and make them drink the deadly stuff there sold.* He told them he would certainly kill them if they ever complined of him to their mother.

Reader, can you nat believe this? Come, and I will show you where it is now going on. For this is no story of the past.

Maiden, look upon that elegant and fascinating young gentleman who is so attentive to you, and to—the wine cup, and consider the present situation of Mary Archer. I have sketched the scene of but one hour; but this is the way all her life is spent. Her children stay out in the cold of winter, till they look almost frozen, rather than remain in the house with their dreaded father. Their little faces look pitifully saddened and old.

Men, Mary Archer is but one of the many thousands of women in this *Christian* land who live in terror of death from the hands of infuriated drunkards. *How long* must this endure! Are *you* "the protectors of women?" Is law "a protector of the feeble?" Why do not you and law defend these women from their tormentors, and rescue them from their unutterably dreadful situation!

Oh, men, whether woman has any rights, or not, she implores of you have mercy on her, and cast around her and her children a law which shall protect them from the drunkard.—*Congregationalist.*

My Lottery Tickets.

WHAT THEY COST AND WHAT THEY AMOUNTED TO.

It was Saturday night and the little woman who bears my name and mends my stockings, was sitting in her low chair by the fire, zealously puting a patch upon the knee of little Tom's trowsers, turning the piece of cloth this way and that, and holding her head on one side to watch the effect. But the stripes would all run the wrong way, while the colors were provokingly bright, compared with the faded garment.

'Never mind that, Mary,' said I, here's a chance to throw away your patches. Hurrah for a lovely country seat on the Hudson, fifty shares of bank stock, a house in town, or anything else you wish, and all for a dollar!'

'Now, Thomas,' said she, and when she wishes to be particularly severe she always calls me Thomas, 'what are you talking about?'

'A gift enterprise, Mollie: tickets only a dollar, and sure to draw a prize.' I read the heading and displayed the long list of prizes. 'What do you think of that?' shouted I, triumphantly.

'I think,' she said, laughing, 'that if you make so much noise you will wake the baby.' Then, seeing that I looked annoyed, she added: 'But I do not think that lotteries are just right, especially for church members. Do you?'

'O, nonsense! I never saw a church fair in my life that did not have grab-boxes and lotteries. I shouldn't dare to say how many dollars I have spent on them, and never drew any thing either.'

She looked roguishly at me. 'Don't you think, then you are most to old to begin?'

'It may as well be I, as any one, and it is no great matter—only a dollar.'

'I know, Tom,' and the wise little woman looked grave, 'but we haven't many dollars to throw away:' and she held up the baby's socks with a good-sized hole in each heel. 'And little Tom's school bill comes in next week.'

I laid down my paper and tried to speak very convincingly. 'Now, Mollie, it is all very well for a man to jog on day after day, earning and spending just so much, but he likes to make a venture once in a while, just for the excitement of the thing, if nothing more.'

'Yes; but Tom don't you remember the share in the oil well?'

'Ye-e-es,' said I, slowly, for it was rather an unpleasant topid of conversation to me. I had invested the little sum left me by a maiden aunt in an oil company, against Mary's good judgment. Capital a million of dollars, more or less, oil wells flowing day and night on the land of the next company, just over the fence. I was very much elated, and promised Mary, among other things, a new black silk dress we had seen displayed in some show window. Well, they bored and bored, throwing up a great deal of dirt, and a greater deal of water, but not a drop of oil; and just as they were about to begin in a new spot, the treasurer, or some one else ran away with the funds, and that ended the whole affair. Mary, like a good little woman, never reproached me, but when I came home one day and found her turning her old merino inside out and upside down, I felt—well, I can't tell just how; but I thought of that black silk dress.

'And oh!' she continued, 'don't you remember the patent for the flour sifter?' and she laughed outright. So did I, when I thought of the spectacle I presented when I chanced to turn the crank the wrong way, and the flour flew in every direction.

But I had made up my mind to buy one of these tickets, so, though Mary sighed, she said no more. I invested, on my way down town, Monday morning, and thought while I was about it I might as well by one for Mary, and one for little Tom, too. I showed them to her when I went home to dinner at noon.

'Not three! O Tom, how could you?' and she looked really grieved. While I, thinking it a pitty if I must account for every penny I spent, assumed the dignified air which the occasion seemed to demand, and the meal passed in silence. I went home at night to find her sewing as usual. My conscience gave an uncomfortable twinge as she looked up pleasantly, and then turned to the great basket of work. If she only had a sewing machine! Perhaps I should draw one, and I grew quite happy over the thought, imagining her surprise when I sent it home unexpectedly. She would not think me unwise then in having bought the tickets.

Little Tom interupted my revere with—'O father, old Susan who used to work for us, has been here to-day. She has burned her hand so she can't do anything. Mrs. Briggs gave her a dollar. Mother said she couldn't give her any money, but she put some salve on her hand and gave her something to eat.' I did not look at Mary, but contrived to turn Tom's thoughts into another channel.

Nor was I any more comfortable, on passing through the hall the next day, to overhear her conversation with a friend. 'No,' she was saying, 'I shall not subscribe to the reading club this winter. I can't very well spare the two dollars.'

Well, the days went by without our saying anything more about it. I grew a little nervous as the time for drawing the prizes drew near, and opened my morning paper with some trepidation. At length my eyes were greeted with a long list of the fortunate numbers which had drawn the largest prizes. I read them all over carefully from first to last, and then, more carefully still, from last first. But in vain, my numbers were not there.

In a day or two another list appeared which I read with the same result. At last among those which drew a prize worth less than one dollar, I found my own.

'Tom,' said a friend whose office was next to mine, 'don't you think Jones was fool enough to buy a ticket in that gift enterprise!'

I winced, but said nothing, and he went on. 'What do you think he drew? A dauby print of Washington, and a pair of eighteen carrat brass sleeve buttons! He consoles himself with the adage, 'live and learn,' but I think 'a fool and his money,' &c., more appropriate.'

I made some reply and left him. I thought I would not carry home the newspaper that night. I was ashamed to have Mary see it. But as we sat before the fire after tea:—

'Why, Tom,' said she 'where's your paper?' I had intended to say that I forgot it. But I defy any one to look into Mary's clear brown eyes and tell a lie. So I just told her the whole truth.

I believe if she had scolded, or said, 'I told you so,' I should have put on my hat and left the house; but her only remark was—'Never mind, Tom, we'll know better another time.'

Do you wonder that I think her a wonderful little woman? I made a great resolve that night, and I have not bought a lunch down town nor smoked a cigar for a month. Even my pipe and paper of Killikinick are laid away on a high shelf out of the way of temptation. And when Mary asks what has become of my pipe I look sober and reply that I think smoking disagrees with me, but I laugh to myself as I think of the sewing machine that will stand in the corner by the window before many months, and the rest that will come to those busy fingers. I even stepped into Brown & Smith's to inquire the price of their best black silks; but that I dare not think of at present.

It has been, after all, a good lesson, but I think it will be my last, as it was my first, experience in lottery tickets.

Punishing the Wrong Boy.

A STORY FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Very sober looked the little face bent over the worn, blue-covered Third Reader, as Eugene Bernard "stood his ten minutes" of penalty on the school-room floor.

Eugene was a kind-hearted, noble, little boy, who studied well, usually was quite obedient, and always glad to please his teacher; yet through some fatality no boy of his class was more sure of incurring one or other of the various little penalties devised by the care-worn teacher to punish small offenders, and heal the breach of broken rules.

Peering over his slate with an unmistakable look of satisfaction, sat his brother Charlie, a cross, sour-dispositioned boy, two years older than Eugene: in whom were equally well developed the faculty of hiding his faults, and of escaping all punishments, while he ate apples with his face bowed over his desk as if in hard study—or read story-books that fitted so well inside his geography as to escape detection.

The teacher loved Eugene best while he punished him most; and noticing repeatedly Charlie's secret satisfaction and evident pleasure when his brother was disgraced, he had watched in vain for an opportunity to reverse the order of things and give Charlie the floor.

The boys were orphans, and under the care of an uncle, who proved a severe but just guardian.

"Eugene was punished twice to-day, uncle," cried Charlie, entering the hall one evening in advance of his brother; "he gets 'stood up,' or kept in, or feruled, oftener than any boy in school."

"How is that, Eugene?" said Mr. Arlington. "If Charlie's reports are all true, I think it about time some of the punishments were taken into my own hands, and done in a more effectual manner."

Eugene knew very well what his uncle meant, and a supperless bed after a sound whipping wore no special charms for the poor little fellow; but he was too noble to tell a lie.

"I do get kept, sometimes, and I stood ten minutes to-day," he said, "but I tried to do right all day," and he burst into tears.

"No crying, my boy," said his uncle, a little touched. "It appears from your own statement that you have had about enough for one day. But let us inquire a little. Why did you 'take the floor' this morning?"

Charlie spoke up quickly: "Because he was over five minutes late."

"But did you not set out to school together?"

"Yes, sir," said Eugene, "but—" Here Charlie interrupted him by a keen look, which snapped his sentence in two like a pipe-stem.

"Go on," said Mr. Arlington.

"Well, we had letters to put in the office, and Charles tried to make me go round alone to the corner with them, and I didn't want to, and by the time he made me it was too late, though I ran nearly all the way."

"And Charlie was in time?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then being kept in at recess—how was thai?"

"He missed twice," said Charlie, "in his spelling."

"But I had no book to study in, till Charlie was through getting his lesson, and then, before I had studied one column, the class was called."

Mr. Arlington gave Charlie a look that was not altogether satisfactory, and telling Eugene to try again, no more notice seemed taken of the matter.

Two or three days after this, Charlie walked up to the teacher's desk before the opening of school one morning, and proudly placed a note in Mr. Brent's hands.

"My uncle sent this and would like an answer."

"Shall you send a note by me this noon?" asked Charlie, eagerly, as he stood by his teacher at recess. Eugene stood near, evidently not an uninterested listener.

"Why, Charlie?" asked Mr. Brent.

"Because my uncle says, if Eugene gets punished so often, and is so bad a boy in school, he wants to know it."

"Are you going to write about me?" asked Eugene, in a low, eager, child's voice.

"We'll see," replied Mr. Brent, pleasantly. "In the meantime, Eugene, sharpen your eyes as bright as you can on those long, hard lines. Why, they do look as bright as Charlie's now, I think."

The blue eyes filled, as Eugene turned away.

As soon as the word "dismissed" fell on Charlie's ear, he stood leaning against Mr. Brent's desk.

Eugene sat still in his desk, poring over the spelling book, but casting an occasional side glance at the teacher's chair.

Mr. Brent sharpened his pencil, took from his desk a sheet of note paper, rubbed his forehead a moment, gave his hair two or three absent pulls, then wrote half a dozen lines, folded and placed them, superscribed in bold hand to Mr. Arlington, in Charlie's ready palm.

Quick as thought he started from the room and ran for home, Eugene following at a culprit's slow pace, very far in the rear.

Suddenly he paused. "I wish I could read it. I have half a notion to try:" and walking slowly he began the note, when he saw that Eugene had started on the run, and had already passed him.—He folded the note and went on; the two boys reaching their home at nearly the same moment.

Mr. Brent sat before his desk a little before time for the school to open that afternoon, busily making a pen. Just then two little feet came up behind him, and, pulling with haste, Eugene stood before him.

"Here!" he exclaimed, holding up his two fat hands, spread to their greatest possible capacity, to inclose five red-checked peaches. "These are for you. and *I've got* a silver half dollar!"

"Why, how is this, my little fellow? Didn't Charlie take the note?" asked Mr. Brent, with one of his very peculiar and very pleasant smiles.

"Yes, he did, and I was hid behind the front hall door, and I peeped through the crack and watched my uncle read the note, and I was all trembling when he called me, and didn't move till he called 'Eugene' twice. Then I came out and he patted my head, Mr. Brent, and gave me from his purse this half dollar and he said the next time he got another note like that, I should have another! Now, Mr. Brent, I'm just going to be the very best boy you've got, and I'm going to have a spelling book all myself, and never get stood on the floor again, if I can ever help it."

Charlie had turned away. A bright, crimson spot burned on each cheek, and his heart was full of bitterness and shame. But he begged no more notes to carry to his uncle from a teacher who could write that "Eugene, though sometimes getting upon the floor, through inadvertence, was, upon the whole, a studious, obedient and very good boy."

So a new spelling book was bought—a discouraged boy was turned into a happy, ambitious and successful scholar: an unkind, elder brother was taught a lesson he could not forget, and Mr. Brent's desk did not lack, for one summer at least, the peculiar fragrance of Mr. Arlington's best rare-ripe peaches.—*The Advance.*

Cheering the Wrong Man.—The spontaneous character of the respect of the people for Gen. Sheridan was amusingly illustrated yesterday. Col. H. W. Bellows of Walpole, N. H., gave ex-Governor Smyth and two Boston friends a ride in the afternoon after his magnificent Black Hawk six horse team, and the turn-out created admiration wherever it went. Such a rare show of horse flesh suggested the idea among the people assembled in the central part of one of our suburban towns that some person of mark must be in the barouche, and Gen. Sheridan of course being in everybody's affections must be the man. Imagination helped them to embody the idea and to fix on a chunky-built civilian—to whom war would be a great antipathy—as the gallant "little Phil." Cheer after cheer accordingly went up for the hero of Winchester, for which compliment the man who was not Sheridan bowed his most gracious thanks. It is a pity to deprive our suburban friends of the pleasure they must have had of greeting—as they supposed—the most popular man of the day, but the truth, and the desire to describe the joke, induce us to correct their mistake.—*Boston Journal.*

A man of low extraction—A cheap dentist.

A shocking thing to think of—A galvanic battery.

The Josh Billings Papers.

SUM VEGITABLE HISTORY.

The strawberry iz one ov natur's sweet pets.

She makes them worth fifty cents, the fust she makes, and never allows them to be sold at a mean price.

The culler ov the strawberry iz like the setting sun under a thin cloud, with a delicate dash ov the rain bo in it; its fragrance iz like the breath ov a baby when it first begins tew eat wintergreen lossingers; its flavor iz like the nektar which an old-fashioned goddess used tew leave in the bottom ov her tumbler when Jupiter stood treat on mount ida.

There ez menny breeds ov this delightful vegetable, but not a mean one in the whole lot.

I think I have stole them, laying around loose, without enny pedigree, in sumbody's tall grass, when I waz a lazy schoolboy, that eat dredful easy, without any white sugar on them, and even a bug occasionally mixed with them in the hurry ov the moment. Cherrys are good, but they are too much like sucking marble, with a handle tew it. Peaches are good, if yu don't git enny of the pin feathers into yure lips. Watermelons will suit enny boddy who is satisfied with half-sweetened drink; but the man what kan eat strawberrys, besprinkled with crushed shuggah and bespattered with sweet kreme (at sumboddy els's expense), and not lay hiz hand on hiz stummuk and thank the author ov strawberrys and stummuks, and the phellow who pays for the strawberrys, iz a man with a worn-out conscious—a man whose mouth tasts like a hole in the ground, and don't care what goes down it.

* * * * *

Kokernutts grow up in the air, in a hot climate way over the ocean, about eighty feet from the ground—on the top of a tree.

They are generally picked bi the monkeys in that naborhood, who throw them at the natives, in exchange for the stones that the natives heave at the monkeys.

They grow az a negro's head duz, with a good deal of skull tew them.

A kokernutt, after it has been skalpt, resembles an old ten-pin ball, only a little more round one way than tuther.

On the end ov the nut toward you iz 2 eyes, fast asleep. The kokernutt iz opened bi breaking the skull, and this brings 'em tew their milk.

The milk in the kokernutt haz never been explained yet—and the reason iz, becauze nobody has ever asked me to do it.

Whenever the philosophers "give it up," I shall reply to the konundrum.

Az an article ov diet, the koker iz about on a level with the french raw turnip, and iz az hard tew digest az one ov Sekretary Seward's letters ov State.

Biled koker might possibly be good if it warnt a great deal better when it was raw; and raw kokernutts iz only good for children and young greyhounds tew eat, whose stummuks are like a nutmeg grater.

The only real good thing about this forrin nutt iz its skull, they can be cut into 2, and made into drinking kups, and i must confess, they do look kind, when laid on a clean, flatt ston bi the side uv a meadow spring, but I kant drink out ov them miself without thinking, that if they had not been cut in 2, what a kapital thing they would be tew bild a young darkey to.

But this iz only a phoolish noshen of mine, and probably it couldn't be did enny how.

* * * * *

It iz now about 8 or eleven years since folks began to hanker after the Tomato. About that time sum doktor uv pills disekted one ov these vagrant vegetabels, and diskovered some doktor's stuff in them.

Az soon as folks found out they waz fisic they began tew be verry sweet on the tomarter.

At that time they waz in the habit ov growing in sly places, where they want afraid, over behind stone walls, among broken jugs, ded rats, and old injun rubber boots, for people wouldn't let them grow in gardins enny more than they would a kanaday thissel.

They were vagabond weeds, and even a woods hogg wouldn't eat one of the berrys that grew on them enny quicker than he would a bawl of red stocking yarn.

But it was decided that there waz sum pills in them, and they were put tew nuss in pots and vases, and lived on the phatt ov the land, in hot houses, along side ov tiger lilys and rozes of Sharon.

It took most folks about 18 months of perseverance and sea sickness tew git the tomatoze to go quietly down, and now, from a vile weed, more smelly than a deceased klam, the tomatow haz aktually got to be more honorabel than a bukwheat slappjack or even a pumpkin pi.

This shows what love and affeckshun will do.

I haven't enny doubt that if Professor Ratsbane would say profeshionally that wasps' nests waz good to make a mustash grow black, half the men in the country would git a wasp and go into the nest bizness.

I don't beleave a tomater will keep a man enny more healthy than red clover will, but i am just like everybody else, i wanted to get sum better than i waz, and i went to skool to the tomato, and hav got learnt how tew eat them if they are filled with salt and pepper and soaked with good sider vinegar.

I hav seen folks pick them opff from the vines in the gardin and eat them rite down alive, I would az soon undertake tew eat a handful ov putty.

But tomatoze have worked themselfs up into a necessary, and I am the last man to injure their reputation, for i beleave an innocent humbugg iz just az mutch right tew win (if they kan,) as any other man.

There iz one thing i do hope, and that is that nobody will undertake tew make kastor oil one of the luxurys untill after i am dead, for kasterile and bed buggs iz 2 things that i solemnly sware i won't hav, if they git to be ever so fashionable.

Yellow fever is abating at N. Orleans.

Legislative Committees.

THE SENATE COMMITTEES.

Finance — Senators Smith, Dewey, Walker.

Judiciary — Senator Kellogg, Dale, Hard, Prout, Canfield.

Claims — Senators Hendee, Baker, Brown, Henry, Dyer.

Elections—Senators Goodhue, Orcutt, Atwood.

Education—Senators Lane, Martin, Anderson, Bullard, Hendee.

Agriculture—Senator Baker, Barrett, Leonard.

Manufactures—Senators Burt, Goodhue, Allen.

Military Affairs — Senators Henry, Barstow, Root.

Railroads—Senator Martin, Simpson, Smith.

Banks — Senators Root, Anderson, Barrett.

Land Taxes—Senators Dale, Sanborn, Brown.

Printing—Senators Orcutt, Sanborn, Dyer.

General Committee—Senators Barstow, Hill, Canfield.

Federal Relations — Senators Hill, Walker, Hard.

Highways and Bridges—Senators Dale Clapp, Atwood.

HOUSE COMMITTEES.

Under Fourth Joint Rule—Messrs. Minor of Manchester, Benson of Clarendon, Ball of Granville.

On Bills—Messrs. Fletcher of Cavendish, Houghton of Stamford.

On Joint Rules—Messrs. Phelps of Townshend, Stone of Berkshire.

On the Library—Messrs. Welch of Williston, Tenney of Thetford, Webber of Rochester.

On Elections—Messrs. Proctor of Rutland, Miles of Hinesburg, Webber of Rochester, Martin of Sheldon, Kellogg of Benson, Glazier of Stratton, Rodiman of Bridgewater.

On Ways and Means—Messrs. Park of Bennington, Goss of Vergennes, Merrill of Reading, Hibbard of Concord, Hall of Groton, Herrick of Brattleboro, Jones of Northfield.

On Military Affairs—Messrs. Rounds of Chester, Mead of Randolph, Waterman of Wilmington, Beattie of Brunswick, Corey of Craftsbury, Howe of Jericho, Horton of Mt. Holley.

On the Judiciary—Messrs. Miner of Manchester, Ross of St. Johnsbury, Brigham of Hydepark, Rounds of Chester, Ferrin of Montpelier, Hood of Fair Haven, Wheeler of Jamaica.

On Education — Messrs. Phelps of Townshend, Tenney of Thetford, Wheelock of Cambridge, Hubbard of Stockbridge, Ballard of New Haven, Miller of Pomfret, Howe of Castleton.

On Claims—Messrs. Van Sicklen of Burlington, Thompson of Lyndon, Cady of Morristown, Sykles of Dorset, Allen of Irasburg, Humphrey of Underhill, Denison of Royalton.

On Railroads—Messrs. Converse of Woodstock, Cleveland of Brookfield, Parker of Wolcott, Welch of Williston, Jones of Cornwall, Johnson of Rockingham, Crane of Newport.

On Banks—Messrs. Hard of Arlington, Smith of Ferrisburg, Woods of Milton, Lane of Derby, Soper of Coventry.

On Manufactures — Messrs. Ball of Springfield, Gray of Middleton, Graham, of Windhall, Goodell of Brandon, Parker of Hartford, Ayers of Weybridge, Robinson of Putney.

On Agriculture — Messrs. Catlin of Swanton, Saxton of Waltham, Wright of Pownal, Stuart of Barnet, Squires of Charlotte, Cooper of Canaan, Irish of Grand Isle, Christey of Johnson, Biglow of West Fairlee, Cheney of Glover, Noble of Tinmouth, Foster of Calais, Gorham of Westminster, Loveland of Norwich.

On Land Taxes—Messrs. Benton of Guildhall, Emmons of Hartland, Bliss of Georgia, Eaton of Monkton, Colton of Sherburne.

On Grand List—Messrs. Brookins of Shoreham, Swinington of Leicester, Sheldon of Rupert, Simonds of Peru, Nelson of Ryegate, Willard of Wheelock, Morse of Bolton, Tuttle of Essex, Cook of Lemington, Silsby of Lunenburg, Smith of Highgate, Halbert of Fairfax, Fiske of Isle La Motte, Hazen of North Hero, Christey of Johnson, Willey of Waterville, Cleveland of Braintree, Drew of Tunbridge, Joslyn of Barton, Davis of Troy, Rogers of Wallingford, Holmes of Sudbury, Warren of Middlesex, Haskins of Marshfield, Rice of Newfane, Lynde of Guilford, Spafford of Weathersfield, Nott of Sharon.

General Committe—Messrs. Frisbie of Poultney, Clark of Addison, Shuffleton of Sunderland, Noyes of Brighton, Martin of Montgomery, Marvin of Alburgh, Weeks of Stowe, Smith of Strafford, Corey of Craftsbury, Porter of Fayston, Stetson of Whitingham, Pollard of Windsor.

On State Prison—Messrs. Richardson of Westford, Shedd of West Windsor, Pelton of Ludlow, Foster of Whiting, Wheedon of Pawlet, Fuller of Waterbury, Barron of Washington.

Distributing Committee—Messrs. Deming of Salisbury, Brown of Burke, Monroe of Shaftsbury, Hinsdell of St. George, Jones of Granby, Perkins of Bakersfield, Irish of Grand Isle, Hyde of Eden, Palmer of Williamstown, Seavy of Brownington, Baird of Chittenden, Davis of East Montpelier, Conant of Grafton, Burton of Andover.

On Corporations—Messrs. Crane of Newport, Grover of Wells, Snyder of Huntington, Perkins of St. Albans, Gifford of Readsboro, Fulton of Newbury, Leonard of Dummerstown.

On Town Lines—Messrs. Harris of Windham, Hall of Orwell, Foster of Walden, Morgan of Topsham, Lawrence of Charleston.

On Mileage and Debentures—Messrs. Hill of Starksboro, Willey of Landgrove, Pillsbury of Sutton, Isham of South Burlington, Tuttle of Essex, Ladd of Enosburg, Robinson of South Hero, Weeks of Stowe, Moore of Chelsea, Webster of Lowell, Gibbs of Pittsfield, Read of Waitsfield, Newell of Wardsboro, Spalding of Weston.

On Public Buildings—Messrs. Ferrin of Montpelier, Solace of Bridport, Aldrich of Shrewsbury, McIntosh of Bethel, Tuttle of Essex.

On Roads, Bridges and Ferries—Messrs. Ross of St. Johnsbury, Allen of Panton, Parsons of Franklin, Mann of Fairlee, Bill of Albany, Reed of Danby, Atwood of Barnard.

On Federal Relations—Messrs. Converse of Woodstock, Park of Bennington, Marvin of Alburgh, Hubbard of Stockbridge, Nourse of Pittsford, Johnson of Rockingham, Brigham of Hydepark.

To Canvass Votes for County Officers—Addison County—Messrs. Stickney of Goshen, Colby of Lincoln, Drake of Bristol.

Bennington County—Messrs Irish of Searsburg, Barton of Glastenbury, Woodard of Sandgate.

Caledonia County—Messrs. Davis of Sheffield, Corliss of Newark, Russell of Kirby.

Chittenden County—Snyder of Huntington, Hinsdell of St. George, McGregor of Colchester.

Essex County—Smith of East Haven, Pattee of Bloomfield, Stevens of Maidstone.

Beware of the Backward Step.

[The following article from the *Congregationalist*, is as applicable to Vermont as Massachusetts, and we commend it to all temperance people, and especially to the Legislature, as it is presumed an effort will be made to repeal the prohibitary law:]

The next grand reform has come to a crisis here, and the onlooking world should now be taught that Massachusetts takes *no steps backward.* We sincerely hope that no Bull-Run fiasco will be necessary to rouse the friends of order, progress, and suffering humanity to the desperate nature of the struggle between License and Prohibition. The grinding, crushing oppressions of the rum traffic have been long and internal, and good men must destroy it or it will destroy them. There is no via media, no possible compromise, no escape. The decisive battle has come, and it is better every way to make it sharp and quick. Let every voter in the temperance army do his duty now. We have come to another Gettysburgh, and we have been quite long enough in selecting and fortifying the only tenable ground. Here we must stand, and breast, and break the fury of this invasion of appetite, lust and greed of gain.

We especially beg that no right minded thinker, no temperance man, shall be deceived by any plausible theory of License. If an effective license system could be devised, it would be opposed and fought as fiercely as Prohibition now is. In fact, the so-called Prohibitory law is only a stringent License law. It allows and provides for the free and ample sale of alcoholic liquors for all chemical, medicinal, mechanical, and sacramental purposes. It is only the dangerous abuse, the ruinous misuse, that is intended to be prohibited. If, in the necessary imperfection of all human law and its application, some few persons find what they deem harmless preferences interfered with, they should remember that this is true of all laws that are efficient against inveterate abuses and crimes. If they are not willing to yield these unessential preferences for the sake of the safety of tens of thousands; what claims can they lay to any degree of benevolence, or even of common fellow-feeling? Will they determinedly hold open the flood-gates of every vice and woe, for the sake of a supposed harmless glass of ale and cider, now and then? Must powder and poisons be unrestricted in their transport, sale and use, lest a few wise and safe men should be put to a little inconvenience? Must immoral books and pictures go unprohibited, because a few *safe* men are determined to indulge their venturesome preferences? Must thieves and robbers go unchallenged, lest some honest person might be arrested or his house searched.

It should be well considered that, practically, any license law less stringent than the one now on our statute books would legalize a dangerous and ruinous abuse and so make all the people responsible for the results. How often, and for how many years have less stringent license laws been tried, and all in vain! The time has come when the certainty of the fearful abuse of any such law would make its enactment a grave crime. Such is the full and firm conviction in our churches and by multitudes outside of the churches. Hence, with such a law, there could never again be peace in our churches nor in our politics; nothing but conscientious, persistent, eternal agitation.

It should also be well remembered that any license law except this prohibitory one, any license law that would satisfy the persons who are now vexing heaven and earth for a change, would necessarily be so equivocal, evasive, and uncertain as to become a sham and a mockery.—Let its advocates agree on such a law, put it on paper, and go before the people, and explain and advocate it if they can and dare! No, no; this very uncertainty is what they desire, and hope to satisfy the community with.

The so-called Prohibitory law is simple, definable, clear, bold, and immovable as a mountain, and can be enforced. Anything short of it must be pliant, trustful, and dependent in a thousand ways upon appetite, cupidity, and capricious judgment. *Ubi jus incertum* is an old Roman maxim applicable to all human nature. Where the law is uncertain there is no law; and every good man that arrays himself against the prohibitory measure at this juncture is practically allying himself with the determinedly lawless, the disobedient, the ungodly, and the wicked. It must be so. He cannot help it. There are times when many a man is compelled to go a little faster and a little farther than he likes, or inflict an irreparable injury.

A lively convict in an Indiana jail rushed out of the door of his cell as it was opened to let in his supper, turned the key on the jailer, and beat a retreat.